

The Mirror

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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Original Communications.

ARNOLD DE MELCHTAL.

THE original painting from which this engraving is taken is the production of Mr. Lugardon, a native of Geneva, whose works are extremely popular in his own country, for those which have obtained the greatest success are descriptive of some of the most remarkable features in the history of Switzerland.

In the month of November, 1667, the peaceable and hardy shepherds of Waldstetten, unable to brook any longer the insolence and tyranny which was exercised over them by the haughty minions of Austria, began to think of regaining their ancient liberty. For this purpose a secret meeting was held, consisting of the most intrepid and influential amongst them, and after they had concerted the measures which eventually led to the establishment of their independence, and had sworn to remain faithful to each other, they separated quietly, and returned to their homes. Amongst the foremost of this band of patriots were Jüsst, Muffacher, and Arnold de Melchtal—men who, by the zeal, courage, and uprightness of intention they displayed in the cause of their suffering countrymen, have secured to themselves some of the brightest pages which adorn the history of their country.

Not long after the separation of this meeting, as Henry Andernalden de Melchtal and his son Arnold were busily engaged at the plough, which was drawn by two fine oxen, they were visited by a soldier and a party of servants, who told old Melchtal that they had come to take away his oxen, by the orders of Landenberg, the governor of Larnen.

The old man inquired what he had done, that he was to be deprived of his cattle, and begged, before they took them from him, that they would at least allow him to finish his ploughing; but he was pushed rudely aside by the soldier, and told in derision, that if he was desirous of ploughing, he might yoke himself. Arnold de Melchtal, though only armed with a stick, being unable to repress his indignation at the insult offered to his father, rushed on the soldier, and wounded him; and then, in order to escape the vengeance of the governor, fled to a fast-

ness in the mountains, where he lay concealed until the tyranny of the petty despots had goaded his countrymen to resistance. He then issued from his hiding-place, and took a distinguished part in that glorious struggle which wrested Switzerland from the galling yoke of her oppressors.

Lugardon has taken for the subject of the painting, which this engraving represents, the scene where the servants of Landenberg are about to take away the oxen of Melchtal. On the left of the picture the servants are seen unyoking the cattle; on the right are young Melchtal and his mother. The blood of the young man is boiling at the insult offered to his father. He is in the act of rushing on the soldier, and his mother is endeavouring to restrain him. In the centre, the soldier is standing erect, with his dagger drawn, awaiting the onset of the young man. Old Melchtal and his daughter are at the feet of the ruffianly soldier, imploring him to sheath his weapon.

The feelings of the different actors in this scene are portrayed with such earnestness and fidelity, and the incidents have so great an appearance of reality, that our sympathies are immediately enlisted in favour of the victims of lawless tyranny, and our indignation is excited, in a proportionate degree, against the perpetrators of so foul an outrage.

This painting excited general admiration on its first appearance, and so great was the value set on it by the inhabitants of Geneva, that they purchased it by subscription, and placed it in their museum.

Latterly, Geneva has become celebrated for the number and ability of its artists. Amongst the most distinguished of them are Hornung, Diday, and Lugardon. Hornung excels in colouring and execution; Diday is remarkable for the beauty and harmony that he sheds over his pictures of mountain and lake; and Lugardon, full of the glorious achievements of his heroic ancestors, continues to illustrate, with increasing success, the most conspicuous portions of the history of his native land.

More fair than rose at dawning day,
When May her Zephyr seeks,
The blossom of the human May,
The rose on virgin cheeks. *Bulwer.*

THE RELICS OF LONDON.

NO. V. — LINCOLN'S INN GATEWAY.

READER! in wending your way along Chancery Lane, has the ancient gatehouse of Lincoln's Inn ever attracted your attention? Probably it has not. You have been too deeply engaged—your mind has been too busily employed in ruminating on the probable success of the lawsuit, which could be the only object of your visit to that locality, and you possibly could not afford a glance at the venerable gateway. Yet there it stands, frowning its caution upon the inexperienced, and apparently warning them against treading within the dangerous territory of Themis. Ay—there it stands, in all its grandeur; and there it has stood for the last three centuries—a terrible emblem of the majesty of the law. It is, if I may so express it, an awful building; there is something so dark, so dismal, so gloomy, in its appearance—so forbidding, so austere, and, withal, so law-like, in its aspect—that I can well remember it was long the object of my childish awe and terror. It is essentially a legal relic: it was erected—not, as a few remains in other inns of court have been, by a chivalrous order of “the knights of old,” and subsequently adopted by the students of the law; no templar ever guarded that stately gateway, no white cross banner streamed forth from its towers—it was erected by the Society of Lincoln's Inn; it is still situated in the very centre of the dark and gloomy chambers of the lawyers; and ever and anon, as we gaze upon the blackened mass, some counsellor, in his powdered wig, and silk “long robe,” sweeps through its avenue, reminding us that we are yet in the neighbourhood of the law.

Lincoln's Inn, on the western side of Chancery Lane, was, as early as the thirteenth century, erected by Henry Lacey, Earl of Lincoln, as his Inn and residence, on the site of a religious house of Dominican monks, who had previously removed to Blackfriars. He, in 1310, induced a society of students of common law to locate themselves in this house, and, dying the same year, the inn has ever since remained in their possession, and they have adopted, from this circumstance, the denomination of “The Society of Lincoln's Inn.” The gatehouse, which is the principal entrance to the society's possessions from Chancery Lane, was erected in 1518. It appears, from the

register of the society, that, in the year 1506, the members “began to make bricks, and to contract with masons for the stonework of the great gatehouse tower.” In this work they were materially assisted by Sir Thomas Lovell, the treasurer of the king's household, who was formerly a member of the society, and at whose sole expense the timber which was used in its construction was “brought by water from Hanley-upon-Thames.” But the erection progressed slowly; and Sir Thomas Lovell, in 1518, gave a further grant, to assist the students in their undertaking. But even this pecuniary aid was not sufficient to complete it, and in 1520 a tax was imposed upon the commons of the inn, and a sum of 40*l.* allowed from its treasury, to defray the costs; and in this year it was completed, the expenses of its erection amounting to 153*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.*, according to the records of the society. The gateway has since been thoroughly repaired, and its uniformity and venerable appearance in a great measure destroyed, by the introduction of modern windows in place of the ancient casements. Over the gateway, and between the square towers by which it is flanked, are the arms of England, enclosed within a garter bearing the national motto. On the right side of this tablet are the family bearings of the Lincolns, and on the left side, those of Sir Thomas Lovell. Beneath these inscriptions is a label, bearing the date of the erection, “ANNO DOM., 1518.” The style of the gatehouse of Lincoln's Inn is somewhat similar to that of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, which formed the subject of the second number of these sketches; but it is destitute of that classic interest which envelops the relics of the White Cross Knights. The one has merely its antiquity to recommend it to our notice, but the other is associated with remembrances that render it even still more interesting. Yet Lincoln's Inn gateway does not appear out of place; it is not an insulated relic, like that of Clerkenwell—the only surviving remnant of a once stately pile; it is in perfect keeping with the buildings which surround it; it is situated in the vicinity of chambers as dismal and gloomy in appearance as itself; and is still devoted to the same purposes as when it was first erected—as the entrance to the possessions of the learned Society of Lincoln's Inn.

ALEX. ANDREWS.

A LEAF FROM MY GRAND- MOTHER'S ALBUM.

A LOVE-LETTER OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

MADAM,—Most worthy of estimation, after long consideration, and much meditation, I have a strong inclination to become your relation; and on your approbation, shall remove my situation to a more convenient station, to profess my admiration; and if such oblation be worthy of consideration, and can obtain commiseration, it will be an aggrandization, beyond all calculation, of the joy and exultation of

Yours, sans dissimulation.

[ANSWER.]

SIR,—I perused your oration with much deliberation, and a little consternation at the great infatuation of your weak imagination, to shew such veneration on so slight a foundation; but after examination and serious contemplation, I suppose your animation was the fruit of recreation, or sprung from ostentation, to display your education by an odd enumeration of words of the same termination, though of great variation in their respective signification.

Now, without disputation, your laborious application to so tedious an occupation deserves commendation; and thinking imitation a sufficient gratification,

I am, without hesitation, yours,

MARY MODERATION.

WILLIAM SHIELD.

On a fine evening in July, a young man with a pensive countenance was walking slowly along the banks of the Tyne, at a short distance from North Shields. The sun had just set, the stars were twinkling in the clear sky, and the gentle murmur of the stream and the rustling of the breeze mingled with the distant noise of the North Sea—all seemed in keeping with the solitary wanderer, who suddenly stopping and raising his head, seemed to listen with the air of one whose attention has been suddenly awakened. The unknown—as we must at present call him—stopped before a boat-builder's, where here and there pieces of timber and scattered tools evinced that the daily labourers had abandoned their avocations at sunset. That which caused the stranger to stop so suddenly, and at once to rivet his at-

tention, was the soft notes of a violin, executed by some master-hand, proceeding from a boat, which apparently had been lately constructed, for it was only fastened to the shore by a rope, and was heaving proudly on the bosom of the water. The man continued to listen attentively to the player, who, after performing a short prelude, began to play a legato movement in which was blended intense feeling with soft and touching expression; then changing the air, he began to imitate the pert reply of a coquette—the despairing accents of a capricious young girl—bursts of laughter in the midst of sighs—and finished with an admirable crescendo full of passion.

The stranger, when the sound had died away, cried, in ecstasy, "Admirable! admirable! is it possible for human hands to produce such sounds from a violin? The player must be in that boat. I must know whether it is a demon, a fairy, or an angel, who could have thus moved me."

So saying, he began to descend a plank, which, by way of a bridge, connected the vessel with the shore. Just as the stranger had reached the middle, the vessel reared its prow, and moved to the extremity of the cord, which was longer than the plank, the end of the latter dropped, and precipitated the man into the water. At the noise made by the fall, a young lad, of about fourteen years of age, sprang from below, and seeing a man struggling in the water, leaped in, and bravely bore him to the land.

"Thank you, young man," said the stranger. "I am doubly thankful for what you have done—you have saved my life; and had it not been for you, I would never have known what I am so anxious to learn."

"What is it that you are so desirous to know?" the lad demanded; "perhaps I shall be able to tell you."

"A few minutes ago, I heard some one play on the violin; I may be mistaken, but I presume that the sound came from the boat. To see the person, and to know him, is my most anxious desire."

"Is that all?—it was I, sir. I was amusing myself a little after the fatigues of the day."

The stranger did not exactly say to the boy that he was telling a lie, but he fixed his eyes upon him, looked at him from head to foot, took his two hands in his, and said,

"What is your name, boy? what are you? and what has brought you here?"

"My name, sir, is William Shield. My father was a poor singing-master, who taught me the violin when I was very young, so that at eight years of age I could play tolerably well. Two years ago my poor father died. I never knew what it was to have a mother, for mine died the day that she gave me birth. Then I was alone in the world—fatherless, motherless, and friendless. But you know we must do something to gain a livelihood, so I applied to a boat-builder to take me as his apprentice, and he accepted me. During the day, I work as hard as I can; in the evening, and sometimes during the middle of the night, I take my violin—my only friend and companion—and I play a little while, thinking of my departed father. I have told you all this, sir; but you must not think that everybody knows it—O no! I keep it from all; and the reason that I tell you is—indeed, I don't know how it is."

"And what piece were you playing to-night?" inquired the stranger, without taking his eyes from the lad.

"It was Corelli's, sir, with a little of my own."

"My good boy, I am only a visitor here—to-morrow I set out for London. You will accompany me, and there——"

"No, sir—oh no, I cannot! You will excuse me for refusing, but I have still a year of my apprenticeship to serve. My master generously received me when I was in distress; and now that I am useful to him, I should like to discharge my duty."

"Good, my noble boy," the stranger said; "follow the dictates of your grateful heart—but promise that in a year from this, you will come to join me in London."

"I will promise, sir; but how am I to find you?"

"Ask for the composer Cramer—he will receive you as his child; then, whatever may be your destiny, never forget that it was he who discovered your genius."

William Shield kept his promise, for no sooner had the year expired, than he went to London to claim the protection of the far-famed composer, whose friendship for him was warm and truly sincere, and through whom young Shield was soon after appointed leader of the orchestra of the Durham theatre. To finish his stu-

dies, he went to Italy, and besides becoming a good composer, he received the patronage of his sovereign. His most esteemed operas are—"The Farmer," "Fontainebleau," "Rosina," and "The Poor Soldier."

William Shield, when success had crowned his laudable endeavours, often reverted to the time of his apprenticeship, and often shed a tear of gratitude when speaking of the goodness of his benefactor, Cramer. M. K.

Literature.

Self-devotion; or, the History of Katherine Randolph. By the Author of "The Only Daughter."

THIS is the posthumous publication of a highly-gifted young lady, whose tender heart fell, unhappily, a victim to the fire of genius. In our younger days, when reading Byron's never-to-be-forgotten lines on the death of Kirke White, our heart has bled for departed genius, and we thought how strange it was that those who were best qualified to adorn and improve human life should invariably be the earliest objects at which death aims its fell strokes; and now, in perusing this tale of merit and engrossing interest, with style so pure, so vigorous, so full of poetry, we can scarcely suppress a tear at the sad, bitter thought, that one so young, with mind so cultivated, should, like the lily, which the poet describes as being all purity and life at night, destroyed at morn, be swept for ever from us. Space will not allow us to give an outline of the story. Suffice it to say, that it is a tale of domestic life, of great interest, told in natural and flowing language, and full of reflection. The following description pleased us much:—

A HIGHLAND HOME.

"The moon was shedding her mystic and spiritual radiance over a narrow Highland strath of most surpassing beauty, as a solitary horseman turned the abrupt angle of the road which brought him to the entrance of the defile. To those who are already familiar with the sublimity of a Highland moonlight, one henth upon the chords of memory will recall such a scene as I would fain describe: to communicate it to the imagination of those who are ignorant of the reality, all the energies of the writer

may be exercised in vain. It was a small and narrow valley, with a range of glorious mountains on either hand, piled one upon another till their craggy and broken outline seemed to touch the skies, and lent to the beautiful and smiling glen an aspect of even unusual solitude. At one or two points in the short stretch which the vale afforded, the hills seemed to recede from one another, forming small vistas, which, though all were connected with the larger swath by one common circle of mountains, severally revealed a wild hamlet with its knolls, and its pine-trees, its silver stream, and its own peculiar boundary. There is something in these broken glimpses which gives an exquisite variety to a Highland picture; and in this case, without breaking in upon the seclusion or diverting the eye from the nobler prospect before it, the little outshots, as it were, from the vale lent to the whole scene an interest of a peculiarly sweet and touching character. The glen itself was watered by a wandering stream that roamed hither and thither among the meadows, and gave its plaintive music to the night, while the fair and velvet sward was rolled backward to the bases of the hills with never a slope until it joined their very roots; and the shaven fields left ample space for the mysterious shadow of fairy knoll and gnarled wych elm, which here and there the moonlight flung across the glen, till it seemed peopled with wizard shapes. A small and quiet loch lay sleeping under the shadow of two long lines of hills, which fell with a sheer and most graceful outline to its margin—fronting each other in opposing masses of rock and promontory; and lessening and lessening, till they were closed at last by the purple masses of a separate and intersecting range. Near the margin of this loch, where the flat meadow-ground rose undulating into brae and hollow, where the pines were gathered into clumps, and the woods took a richer and more massive umbrage, a handsome and picturesque mansion-house was reared upon the summit of a lawn, that sloped almost imperceptibly to the waters. There was something fanciful in the architecture of the house, with its strange blending of English and Gothic taste, as if the mind that planned it had been whimsical and imaginative in its character; and yet the building was in perfect keeping with the beauty of its site, and

rather confirmed than infringed upon the effect of the noble scenery by which it was surrounded. There were magnificent beeches and black massive plane-trees grouped upon the lawn, yet a certain air of neglect was visible in the rushes that overgrew the sward, and in the breaches of the stone balustrade that ran along the terraced front nearest to the loch. Indeed an atmosphere of desolation brooded over the place, for an unbroken silence enveloped it; and darkened windows, and the absence of all ordinary signs of domestic activity, seemed in very unison with the pale and melancholy light that streamed around. The moon hung like a lamp of heaven in the dark blue vault between the summits of the opposing hills, and flung her white shimmering radiance on the water, while the tall chimneys and the arched and pointed roof of the house were just silvered with the beams that rested on their tips. All around the house besides was wrapt in the glorious shadow of the woods and mountains."

Ainsworth's Magazine.

SHOULD our readers, after the effects of Christmas, experience that *ennui* which is often attendant on gaiety, the perusal of the monthly now under our notice will be found gratifying—for in point of interest and varied story, in judiciousness in the choice of the articles, talent in the writing of them, this part surpasses any of its predecessors. Mr. Ainsworth contrives, with admirable tact, to excite our interest by his vivid descriptions; and his Herne the hunter, the forest demon—his Mabel, all gentleness, whose features, says the author, "are exquisitely moulded, and of a joyous expression; a skin dyed like a peach by the sun, but so as to improve rather than to impair its hue; eyes bright, laughing, and blue as a summer sky; ripe, ruddy lips, and pearly teeth; and hair of a light and glossy brown,"—will render "Windor Castle" as popular a work as that which stamped Ainsworth as a writer, in which he so admirably brings his descriptive powers into operation by his Tarpin's Ride to York. Besides the continuation of "Windor Castle," we have this month several talented articles, both in prose and verse, not the least of which is the one entitled the "Elliston

Papers," comprising the memoir of "the merriest and cleverest fellow that ever trod the stage," with original letters of many distinguished personages. To give our readers an idea of this fund of anecdote and amusing recital, we extract

THE POOR ACTOR.

"An adventure took place about this time, which, by one particular, was rendered somewhat remarkable. A musical star being in the ascendant, and opera, consequently, the zenith of the 'bills,' Elliston's duties did not call him to the theatre until late in the evening, when he had to play the part of *Don Juan*, for about the fiftieth time. Passing down an obscure street, on his way thither, his ears were suddenly startled by indications of terror and distress, and he discovered, on turning abruptly into a narrow court, the lower part of a house enveloped in flames. The occupiers had escaped unhurt, and most of them, miserably poor, were watching, either in stupid agony or with unavailing cries, the sure destruction of their crazy chattels; while others, attracted to the spot by mere curiosity, looked on the scene only as an exhibition prepared for their special gratification, and every fresh evidence of ruin, but as a *coup de théâtre*, which they welcomed with applause. Amidst the bewildering appeals of the surrounding sufferers, the most heart-rending were those of a middle-aged female, who, running from spot to spot, and threading the crowd without any identical purpose of action, exclaimed—'Poor Jamie! he's gone—he's gone!—no one can help poor dast Jamie!' By the language and manner of the woman, it was clear some one yet remained un-rescued, and at the mercy of the element. Elliston instantly pushed forward to the frantic suppliant, and soon understood that, in an upper apartment, some helpless being was still imprisoned, whose awful fate was momentarily expected. A side-door of the house afforded still the possibility of ingress. Of the chance Elliston availed himself—he rushed up the staircase, followed fortunately by a bystander, emboldened by this example, and found himself instantaneously in a wretched attic, where, on a still more wretched pallet, lay extended a poor bed-ridden being, whose state of idiocy seemed roused to a glimmering sense of some proximate danger, but who had

neither power of utterance nor ability of motion.

"Amidst the varied evidences of decay around him, this wreck of humanity—age, idleness, and infirmity, with their attendant poverty, each in its extreme—powerfully affected him. Lost for a moment to the frightful progress of the element, he stood motionless and appalled. 'This useless!' exclaimed the man who had followed him—'he cannot be saved! the stairs are already in flames!' 'He can—he shall!' ejaculated Elliston—'be steady, and we can accomplish it.' Approaching the bed, Elliston raised the poor creature in his arms, and binding about him the tattered remnant of sheet and clothing—as much to disarm his feeble attempts to be free, as for the covering it might afford—carried him to the head of the staircase. The mingling clamour of apprehension and encouragement from the mob below kept his energy at its pitch, but to descend the flight thus encumbered was impossible. The fire was mounting, and suffocation inevitable. With difficulty he had passed to the first landing, where, forcing a side-window, he presented his nearly-rescued charge to the multitude. But the shrieks and struggles of the sufferer—the difficulty of making the crowd understand that they were to assist him from below, all, imperatively, the work of a few seconds—had nearly left them in one common ruin. At length, however, by the aid of his companion, all was accomplished. The living burden was lifted on the sill, lowered by the fragile tackle, and fell, unhurt, into the contrived trellage of the people. The two liberators now effected their own escape—not terrific, indeed, in descent, but within three minutes, the whole interior was in flames.

"Disentangling himself from the embraces of the women (as little befitting *Don Juan* as his escape from fire), Elliston now, like good Launcelot, 'took to his heels and ran,' reaching the theatre just in time to see a substitute *Libertine*, like other rogues, 'dressed on the shortest notice,' and ready to be served up in his place. An apology had been made to the audience for his absence, but the cause of it was still an interesting mystery. In a few words, he explained to his apologet the event of the evening, who, taking the opportunity of Elliston's dressing, again presented himself before the curtain, and repeated the

slight account he had received, with considerable point. 'Don Juan,' he added, 'as announced in the bills, had already descended in a shower of real fire,' but having set his very fate at defiance, he had effected his return, to receive, as he richly deserved, a still warmer sentence at the hands of his judges now present. His welcome, as may be well supposed, was most enthusiastic. Called upon to tell his own story, *Elliston* was as much in his element as *Don Juan*—for he had to make a speech; a faculty which, though in after life he greatly improved, he by no means inconsiderably possessed at this present. The above incident gave such additional attraction to this drama, that it was scarcely out of the bills at any part of the season. So much for the adventure itself; but *Elliston*, who, it will be readily believed, took the earliest opportunity of searching out the unhappy patient he had rescued, discovered that he had originally been an actor, and frequently a fellow labourer with the great Macklin. In discretion, and consequent want of employ, had brought on this state of mental aberration and wretchedness. *Elliston* continued his kindness to him till he died."

Blackwood.

NEED we mention that Blackwood abounds in useful and amusing articles this month. Is it ever otherwise? Not the least of which, however, are "Great Britain at the commencement of the year 1843," and "Taste and Music in England." "Two Hours of Mystery" is an amusing story, full of excitement, and abounding in humour. "Aristocracies of London" contains many shrewd remarks, and the *simile* between the butterfly and the young noble is very happy. A portion of it may please our readers, especially when that portion may pass for an entire

ARISTOCRACIES OF LONDON LIFE.

"The cumulative or aggregative property of wealth and power, and, in a less degree, of knowledge, also make up in time a consolidation of those elements in the hands of particular classes, which, for our present purpose, we choose to term an aristocracy of birth, wealth, knowledge, or power, as the case may be. The word aristocracy, distinctive of these particular classes, we use in a conven-

tional sense only, and beg leave to protest, in *limine*, against any other acceptation of the term. We use the word because it is popularly comprehensive—the *ol agros* distinguished from the *ol wallon*: "good men," as is the value of goodness in the city; "the great," as they are understood by penners of fashionable novels; "talented" or "a genius," as we say in the *coterie*; but not a word, mark you, of the abstract value of these signs—their positive significations—good may be bad; great, mean; talented or a genius, ignorant or a puppy. We have nothing to with that, these are thy terms, our Public; thou art responsible for the use made of them. Thou it is who tellest us that the sun rises and sets, (which it does not,) and talkest of the good and great, without knowing whether they are great and good or no. Our business is to borrow your recognised improprieties of speech only so far as they will assist us in making ourselves understood. When Archimedes, or some other gentleman, said that he could unfix the earth had he a point of resistance for his lever, he illustrated, by an hypothesis of physics, the law of the generation of aristocracies. Aristocracies begin by having a leg to stand on, or by getting a finger in the pie. The multitude, on the contrary, never have anything, because they never had anything; they want the *point d'appui*, the springing ground whence to jump above their condition, where, transformed by the gilded rays of wealth or power, discarding their several skins or sloughs, they sport and flutter like lesser insects in the sunny beams of aristocratic life. Indeed, we have often thought that the transformation of the insect tribe was intended, by a wise Omnipotence, as an illustration (for our own benefit) of the rise and progress of the mere aristocracy of fashionable life. The first condition of existence of these diminutive creatures is the egg, or *embryo* state. This the anxious parent attaches firmly to some leaf or bough, capable of affording sufficient sustenance to the future grub, who, in due course, eats his way through the vegetable kingdom upon which he is quartered for no merit or exertion of his own, and where his career is only to be noted by the ravages of his insatiable jaws. After a brief period of lethargy, or *pupa* state, this good-for-nothing creature flutters forth powdered, painted, perfumed, and scorning the dirt from which

he sprang, and leading a life of uselessness and vanity, until death, in the shape of an autumnal shower, prostrates himself and his finery in the dust.

"How beautiful and complete is the analogy between the insect and his brother butterfly of fashionable life. While yet an *embryo*—a worm, he grubbs his way through a good estate, and not a little ready money. Then, after a long sojourn in the pupa or puppy state—longer far than that of any other maggot—he emerges a perfect butterfly, vain, empty, fluttering, and concealed; idling, flirting, flaunting, philandering, until the summer of his *bow* is past, when he dies, and is arrested, and expiates a life of puerile vanity in purgatory, or the Queen's Bench.

"Let the beginning once be made—the point of extreme depression once be got over; the cares of the daily recurring poor necessities of life—shelter, clothing, food, be of no moment; let a man taste, though it be next to nothing, of the delicious luxury of accumulation; let him, with every hoarded shilling, a half-crown, a pound, carry his head higher, smiling in secret at the world and his friends, and the aristocrat of wealth is formed; he is removed for ever from the hand-to-mouth family of man, and thenceforth represents his breeches pocket. It is the same with the aristocrat of birth; some fortunate accident—some well-aimed and successful stroke of profligacy, or more rarely of virtue, redeems an individual from the common herd; the rays, mayhap, of royal favour fall upon him, and he begins to bloat; his growth is as the growth of the grain of mustard-seed, and in a little while he overshadoweth the land; Noble and Right Honourable are his posterity to the end of time.

"There is a poor lad sitting biting his nails till he bites them to the quick, wearing out his heart-strings in constrained silence, on the back benches of Westminster Hall; he maketh speeches, eloquent, inwardly, and bristles, mutely bothereth judges, and seduceth innocent juries to his *No-side*: he findeth out mistakes in his learned brethren, and chuckleth secretly therefore: he scratcheth his wig with a pen, and thinketh by what train of circumstantial evidence he shall be able to prove a dinner: he laugheth derisively at the income tax, and the collectors thereof: yet, when he may not have even a 'little brown' to fly with,

haply some good angel in mortal shape of a solicitor may bestow on him a brief: rushing home to his chambers in the Temple, he misseth the points of the case, cogitating *pro et cono*: he heareth his own voice in court for the first time: the bottled black-letter of years falleth from his lips, like treacle from a pipkin: he maketh good his points, winneth the verdict and the commendations of the judge: solicitors whisper that 'there is something in him,' and clerks express their conviction that he is a 'trump': the young man eloquent is rewarded in one hour for the toil, rust, and enforced obscurity of years: he is no longer a common soldier of the bar, he steppeth by right divine forth of the ranks, and becometh a man of mark and likelihood: he is now an aristocrat of the bar—perhaps a Lyndhurst.

Again, behold the future aristocrat of literary life! to-day regard him in a suit of rusty black, a twice-turned stock, and shirt of Isabella colour, and an affecting hat; in and out of every bookseller's in the Row is he, like a dog in a fair; a brown-paper parcel he putteth into your hand, the which, before he openeth, he demands how much cash down you mean to give for it; then, having unfolded the same, giveth you to understand that it is such a work as is not to be seen every day, which you may safely swear to. He journeyeth from the east to the west, from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, manuscript in hand; from Leadenhall-street, where Minerva has her press, to the street high Albemarle, which John Murray delighteth to honour, but to no purpose; his name is unknown, and his works are nothing worth. Let him once make a *hit*, as it is termed, and it is no longer hit or miss with him; he getteth a reputation, and he loath in bed all day; he shaketh the alphabet in a bag, calling it his last new work, and it goeth through three editions in as many days; he lordeth it over 'the trade,' and will let nobody have any profit but himself; he turneth up his nose at the man who invites him to a plain dinner, and utterly refuseth evening parties; he holdeth *conversations*, where he talketh you dead; he driveth a chaise, taketh a whole house, sporteth a wife and a minute tiger; in brief, he is now an aristocrat of letters.

"The materials for growth and preservation of these several aristocracies

abound in London, and no where on earth have we the same facilities for the study and investigation of their family likenesses and contrasts, their points of contact and repulsion."

Colburn's New Monthly

Has its attractions this month. Mrs. Trollope plods her way in her usual amusing manner; and chapter xxxiii of her "Barnabys in America" is as rich in pleasing dialogue as any of those which preceded it. "My Grandfather's Dream" is a clever paper; and we may pass the same judgment on the "Widow's Almshouse." The name of the author, however, will speak more in favour of the latter than anything we can say. He who has read "Peter Priggins" will be right willing to devote an hour to the "Widow." "Extracts from 'My Indian Diary,'" by the "Old Forest Ranger," deserves encomium; while "The Advertisement Literature of the Age" evinces discrimination, and lacks not of humour. Let us try the *multum in parvo* system, by reducing the article one-third of its length; but still retaining much that is amusing:—

THE ADVERTISEMENT LITERATURE OF THE AGE.

"The advertisement has long since become an independent department of literature, subject to its own canons of criticism, having its own laws of composition, and conducted by a class of writers, who, though they *may* (we do not assert that they *do*) acknowledge their inferiority to the great historians, poets, or novelists of the day, would nevertheless consider themselves deeply injured were we to hesitate to admit them into the corporation of the '*gens de lettres*.'"

"A needy varlet, with his coat out at the elbows, accosted Garrick once upon a time, and to enforce his suit for relief, reminded the great player that they had formerly acted together on the boards of Old Drury. Garrick's memory was at fault, and he begged to know upon what occasion he had had that honour."

"'Don't you recollect,' answered the poor devil, 'when you played *Hamlet*, I used to play the cock!'"

"In the same manner, one of our professional advertisement writers may be supposed to address such an author as Sir Edward Bulwer.

"When you wrote the '*Last Days of*

Pompeii,' it was I that puffed it in the journal."

"The advertisement writer, however, claims kindred with genius of all sorts, and considers himself entitled to a share in the glory of all undertakings under the sun, from the Thames Tunnel to the manufacture of a razor-strop. In fact, he is to the artist or the shopkeeper what Homer was to Achilles, Tasso to Godfrey, Camoens to Gama, or Milton to Cromwell. Without him, what would his strops avail a Mechi, his XX a Guinness, his pills a Cockle, his Chesterfields a Doudney, his locks a Chubb, or his envelopes a Stocken?"

'He knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can waft their name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.'

"The advertisement literature of the day is therefore always worthy of some notice and record. Once a year, at least, it is well to glance at it, remark such changes as it may have undergone, and illustrate its actual state by a few random examples. Looking back over the registers of the past year, we observe, in the first place, a decline of poetry in the announcements of our merchants and traders. Few London shops appear at present to keep poets. Warren himself rarely treats us to an ode, and this scarcity of verse is the more surprising, when we consider the enormous quantity of the commodity produced by the booksellers; the authors of most which could not more appropriately employ their poetic powers than in singing the praises of spermaceti candles or jet blacking.

"Over-production is indeed nowhere more conspicuous than in the manufacture of rhymes. We trust the opening of the trade with China may afford a vent for this as well as other branches of our native industry, as it certainly will if the people of the celestial empire stand as much in need of *fustian* as of broad-cloth. We could spare 'the central flowery land' a legion of bards; and where could that flowery fraternity—out of work at home—with even the doors of No. 30, Strand, closed against them,—more appropriately seek a *Mecenas* and a meal?"

"But if the spirit of song is dead in our trading circles,—if there has been in our shops a *counter*-revolution against the lady muses—we have the satisfaction of perceiving that no decline in prose composition is visible as yet in the same de-

partment. We are not going to quote George Robins; it is sufficiently gratifying to remark, that the powers of this capital writer continue unimpaired, and that he still remains the undisputed head of his own department, and the greatest composer of an auction-bill in this or any other country. A few specimens of advertising genius in a lower degree will, however, be not amiss; we shall take them at random from a few newspapers that happen to lie on the table.

"How promptly has the author of the following availed himself of the recent triumphs of the British arms in the east:

"THE CHINESE BAND MARCH,
as performed on the glorious ratification of peace with Great Britain, concluded by Sir Henry Pottinger, with a splendid lithographic frontispiece, containing a distant view of Nankin.

"The anticipation here is a fine stroke of art, the peace in question not having been ratified up to the last advices from China. It reminds one of the brilliant hit made by Demades in Timon.

"Dem.—Hear, my human Jupiter, the decree I have written concerning thee before the Areopagistes: 'Whereas Timon, a champion and wrestler, was in one day victor of both in the Olympic games—'

"Tim.—But I ne'er saw the Olympic games.

"Dem.—What of that? That makes no matter; thou shalt see them hereafter."

"The tea-dealers, of course, consider China as their own property. Their organs are particularly eloquent just now. One has the following burst:—

"The trade with Canton being now quite open, the public, who suffered so much by the late speculations, have a right to reap the full benefit of the present depression. *They shall reap it!*

"This is Demosthenic.

"Another is rather Ciceronian, and expatiates more copiously on the same theme:

"The glorious news from the East is everywhere hailed with delight and gratitude. In consequence of the highly important announcement of peace with China, we take the earliest opportunity of making known to the public—that we have commenced selling all descriptions of tea much cheaper."

* Timon, edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, for the Shakespeare Society.

"Our next specimen is no less than a discovery of a new species of liberty, for which the Chartist and Miss Mary Anne Walker will, of course, be duly grateful:

"Morrisonian Prizes for the three best Essays on the *Medical liberty of the Subject*. For particulars apply to the *Medical Dissenter Office, &c.*"

"We have long had political liberty, civil liberty, religious liberty, commercial liberty, and now medical liberty is added to the number, so that there is reason to fear that liberty will become a drug!"

Miscellaneous.

SWITZERLAND AND ENGLAND.

To compare the condition of Switzerland with that of England (says Chambers, in his *Tour in Switzerland*) would be absurd. There is not the slightest resemblance between them. The Swiss have pitched their standard of happiness at a point which, as far as things, not feelings, are concerned, could, with great ease, be reached by the bulk of the British population. And here what may be called the unfavourable features of Swiss society become prominent. There is little cumulative capital in Switzerland. It is a country of small farmers and tradesmen, in decent but not wealthy circumstances. An active man among them could not get much. If he and his family wrought hard, they would not starve, and whatever they got would be their own. On all occasions, in speaking to respectable residents, the observation on the people was—"They labour hard, very hard, but they have plenty of food, and they are happy." Now, it is my opinion, that if any man labour hard in either England or Scotland, exercise a reasonable degree of prudence, and be temperate and economical, he can scarcely fail in arriving at the same practical results as the Swiss: nay, I go farther, and will aver that he has an opportunity of reaching a far higher standard of rational comfort than was ever dreamt of by the happiest peasant in Switzerland. The condition of the Swiss is blessed, remotely, no doubt from the simple form of government, but immediately and chiefly from the industry, humble desires, and economic habits of the people.

Switzerland is unquestionably the paradise of the working-man; but then it can-

not be called a paradise for any other; and I doubt if the perfection of the social system, if the ultimate end of creation, is to fix down mankind at peasant and working-man pitch. Both Bowring and Symons are in raptures with the cottage-system of the Swiss artisans; I own it is most attractive, and, as I have said, is doubtless productive of much happiness. But who prevents English artisans from having equally good houses with the Swiss? With a money wage of some seven or eight shillings a week, it is said the Swiss operative realizes, by means of his free cottage, bit of ground, and garden, equal to thirty shillings in England. My own conviction is, that fourteen or fifteen shillings would be much nearer the mark; but, taking it at a larger sum, let us inquire if English workmen may not attain similar advantages. All, perhaps, could not, but I feel assured that every skilled artisan could—that is, every man receiving from fifteen to twenty shillings per week, of whom there is no small number. British operatives are taxed to a monstrous degree; almost everything they put in their mouths being fictitiously raised in price in a manner perfectly shameful. But they possess a freedom known nowhere on the Continent. They can travel from town to town at all times without begging for passports; they are not called upon for a single day's drill; in short, their time is their own, and they may do with it as they please. Exercising the same scrupulous economy as the Swiss, and in the same manner refraining from marriage till prudence sanctioned such a step, I do not see what is to prevent a skilled and regularly-employed British operative from becoming the proprietor of a small house and garden, supposing his taste to lie that way. I know several who have realized this kind of property; indeed, a large proportion of the humbler class of tradesmen in the Scottish country towns, villages, and hamlets, are the proprietors of the dwellings in which they reside. Now, if some so placed contrive to realize property, why may not others do so? The answer is, that a vast mass of our working population think of little beyond present enjoyment. Gin, whisky!—what misery is created by these demons every city can bear sorrowful witness! Cruelly taxed, in the first place, by the state, the lower classes tax themselves still more by their appetites. Scotland spends four

millions of pounds annually on whisky, and what England disburses for gin and porter is on a scale equally magnificent. Throughout the grand rue of Berne, a mile in length, and densely populated, I did not see a single spirit-shop or tavern; I observed, certainly, that several of the cellars were used for the sale of wines. In the High Street of Edinburgh, from the Castle to Holyrood House, the same in length as the main street of Berne, and not unlike it in appearance, there are one hundred and fifty taverns, shops, or places, of one kind or another, in which spirituous liquors are sold; and in Rose Street, a much less populous thoroughfare, the number is forty-one. I did not see a drunken person in Switzerland. Sheriff Alison speaks of ten thousand persons being in a state of intoxication every Saturday night in Glasgow.

I take the liberty of alluding to these practices, not for the purpose of depreciating the character of the operative orders, but to shew, at least, one pretty conclusive piece of evidence why they do not generally exhibit the same kind of happy homes as the Swiss. In a word, Bowring, and Symons, and, I may add, Laing, seem to lead to the inference, that everything excellent in the Swiss operative and peasants' condition is owing to institutional arrangements; whereas, without undervaluing these, I ascribe fully more, as already stated, to the temperance, humble desires, and extraordinary economic habits of the people. That the practical advantages enjoyed by Swiss artisans are also, somehow, inferior to those of similar classes in Britain, is evident from the fact that Swiss watch-makers emigrate to England for the sake of better wages than they can realize at home; and that some thousands of unskilled labourers leave Switzerland annually to better their condition in foreign lands, is, I believe, a fact which admits of no kind of controversy. Let us, then, conclude with this impartial consideration, that if our working population have grievances to complain of, (and I allow these grievances are neither few nor light,) they at the same time enjoy a scope, an outlet for enterprise and skill, a means of enrichment and advancement, which no people in Continental Europe can at all boast of. Switzerland, as has been said, is the paradise of the working-man. It might, with equal justice, be added, that a similar paradise can be

realized in the home of every man who is willing to forego personal indulgences, and make his domestic hearth the principal scene of his pleasures, the sanctuary in which his affections are enshrined.

THE YEAR'S FAREWELL.

BY FRANCIS BROWN.

It comes, through the wintry night,
A deep and a solemn strain,
Like the voice of the distant torrent's might,
Or the moan of the sleepless main;
But wild is the music of wind-wake strings,
In its far and fitful swell,
And swift as the passing of eagle wings,
Is the dying Year's farewell.

It floats o'er the faded fields,
Where the reaper's joy hath been,
With the song of praise which the peasant yields
For the harvests he hath seen;
But the song grows sad on the battle-plain
Of the Brahmin's sun-lit shore,
For it tells of the eyes that look in vain
For the loved that come no more.

It sweeps through the ancient woods,
Through the ruins vast and dim,
By the shadowy paths of the forest floods,
By the desert fountain's brim;
And it wakes the tones which the wilderness
Hath long in her silence ahnred,
The echoes of far forgotten days,
That have left no trace behind.

It rings through the crowded marts
Of the old world's wealth and power,
And it winds its way to their weary hearts
In the hush of the dreary hour;
To the young it speaks of their future springs,
With the breeze blithe and bland,
But it tells the aged of better things
In the far unfading land.

And it tells of the deserts cross'd,
Of the fair forsaken ground,
Of the pleasant streams which the heart hath lost,
And the hidden fountains found;
For it speaks of the rock before us cleft,
When its shadow darkly fell,
And a blessed lesson of hope is left
By the dying Year's farewell. *Athenaeum.*

SENTIMENTAL SKETCH.

It was a damp and dark evening in November—the wind blew cold, and the rain sprinkled apace. I was hastening through Great Russell Street, to spend an evening with some friends in Bedford Square; when the sob of a boy, sitting by the side of a decent young woman, on the steps of a door, caught my ear, and in a moment arrested my feet.

"What," said I, "is the matter?"
"Oh, sir!" replied the lad, sobbing still more violently than before, "my father will kill me!"

"What have you done, then, my good fellow?"

"Nothing at all, sir," said the boy, as well as he could speak for crying.

"He must, then," thought I, "be a cruel father;" but this I did not feel necessary to say to his son. "Who is this young woman?"

"Oh, sir! she is my sister."

"And what is the matter with her?"

"She is ruined! she is ruined!" cried the boy.

"Poor girl!" thought I, "well mayest thou husband thy tears, for thy grief is likely to be lasting!"

She sat in a state of silent sorrow; her hand supporting her chin, and her eyes looking up to heaven for the aid which she seemed to despair of finding on earth.

"For God's sake!" said I, taking her gently by the other hand, which she modestly withdrew from mine, "tell me, my good girl, is there no way of yet saving you from utter destruction?"

"None, sir, none," sighed she, giving her head the motion of despair, and wiping the tears that now flowed involuntarily from her eyes.

"My dear," said I, "be comforted, I am myself a father, and will endeavour to reconcile you to yours. Though you have lost that irretrievable jewel—your virgin innocence—"

"God forbid! sir," sighed the young woman, with all the firmness of conscious purity.

"What, then, did you mean," cried I, turning to the boy, "by saying that your sister was ruined?"

"So she is, sir," retorted the boy, still sobbing, "for she has lost all her clothes, and can't go to her place."

"And is this all!" said I; "how did she lose them?"

"Why, sir, as I was just now carrying her box to her new place, two men came behind me, and snatching it off my head, ran away with it down Dyot Street. We cried out, 'Stop thief!' but one of them came back with a large knife, and threatened to stab my poor sister if we said another word, so I was obliged to hold my tongue, and she fainted away."

"And why do you think your father will be angry with you?"

"Because he is a poor man, and can't afford to buy my sister any new clothes, so she must stay at home on his hands. Besides, my mother begged him to come with us; but he would go to the public-house, and said that I was big enough. So I know very well he'll kill me; for he is very passionate, especially when he's in the wrong."

"That," thought I, "is natural enough with us all. What, my dear," said I, addressing the young woman again, "might be the value of all your clothes?"

"They cost me, sir," replied she, endeavouring hastily to enumerate—"I dare say, near ten pounds."

"That is a great deal of money."

"It is indeed, sir, and I have worked very hard for it these three years."

"How old are you?"

"Nineteen, sir."

I had but one solitary guinea in my pocket. Oh, how I longed to be rich! A thought, however, struck me. "Follow me, both of you," said I; "we will see what can be done."

I knocked at the door, and bidding them sit down in the hall, ran up stairs to my friends. The company were assembled: there were about a dozen persons present.

"I am in haste," said I.

They were all alarmed. "What can be the matter?" was impressed on every countenance.

"I am a bad orator," continued I, "but my feelings have been much affected by those who could speak but little. A decent young woman, going to service, has just had the box which contained her all stolen from her brother's head. The poor girl is ruined unless ten guineas can be raised. I have only one. Who will help me? Come, you shall see what powerful orators they are." And I ordered them to be brought up. "My life for it, your money will not be thrown away."

Every one was affected. The money was raised in an instant; and, with tears of gratitude, they departed, blessing their benefactors.

All of us agreed, on parting, that we had never spent a happier evening. How cheaply is felicity purchased, if men would but carry their money to the right market!

CONTEMPORARY OCCURRENCES OF LIFE.

AN infant Roscius makes its first appearance on the world's stage at the precise moment when, on the opposite side of the way, a veteran, who for seventy-six years has acted in that great and complicated drama called "Life," is taking his final leave of the audience—his death-watch accompanied by the tinkling of a young lady's pianoforte, which is faintly heard from a room in the adjoining house!

The wailings of a family suddenly plunged into irretrievable ruin are drowned in the rattle of the carriages which throng to congratulate their next-door neighbours upon their unexpected accession to a fortune.

After a hasty courtship, a happy couple are joined in wedlock for so long as they both shall live, whilst, within the sound of the marriage-bells, an elopement is deliberately contriving!

The hands of the clock indicate the same second of time when Captain St. Orville and Lady Grace, who are "formed for each other," are vowing eternal constancy and affection: when Mr. Johnson and Miss Jones, who, for a similar reason, are similarly occupied; and when Sir Frederick Roverly and his lady (who also were "formed for each other") are, on account of incompatibility of temper and mutual dislike, within a twelvemonth of their happy union, delightedly signing articles of separation—the only act in which they ever had cordially agreed!

Bill Dixon has just given the finishing touch to his love-suit to Sally Green, by declaring that he never could consider a man "as sich" who would dare to raise his hand against a woman. At the same instant Bob Waters, who, before marriage, had used to declare himself "entirely of that 'ere opinion, and no mistake," is beating his wife.—*Phineas Quiddy.*

RUSSIAN PICKPOCKETS.

THE French ambassador was one day talking to a prince of the imperial house of Russia about the extraordinary dexterity of the Parisian thieves, and relating a variety of anecdotes concerning their feats. The grand-duke expressed his opinion that the Petersburg pickpockets were quite as clever; and to remove all doubt on that point from the

mind of the ambassador, he offered to lay him a wager that, if he would dine with him on the following day, before the removal of the dessert, his watch, ring, and everything else belonging to his toilet that was not firmly fastened to his clothes, should be stolen. His excellency accepted the wager, and the grand-duke immediately despatched a messenger to the director of the police, with a request that he would send him the cleverest and adroitest pickpocket then in custody. He was put into a footman's livery, furnished with the necessary instructions, and promised exemption from punishment and his liberty if he performed his business well. The ambassador mentioned his watch as the article to which the principal attention both of himself and the thief would naturally be directed, and the new servant was ordered to give the grand-duke a sign as soon as he had secured it. The dinner commenced; the first course came and was removed; the Greek, Spanish, and French wines, red and white, glistened in turn in the glasses. The ambassador was particularly careful of his watch; and the grand-duke, observing his caution, smiled sometimes kindly, sometimes half-sarcastically. The new footman was always bustling about, mingling among the other servants, changing plates and handing wine. The dinner was drawing towards a conclusion, and the grand-duke was still waiting impatiently for the preconcerted sign from the thief, who, however, seemed to be completely taken up in waiting upon the company. All at once the grand-duke's countenance brightened up, and turning to the ambassador, who was absorbed in conversation with his neighbours, he asked him what o'clock it was. The ambassador clapped his hand triumphantly to his pocket, where a few minutes before he had felt that his watch was safe, and to the amusement of the whole company, but especially of the imperial entertainer, he drew from it a neatly-trimmed turnip. Universal laughter ensued, and the ambassador was somewhat disconcerted. He would have taken a pinch to compose himself, but having felt in all his pockets, he discovered with horror that his gold snuff-box was gone too. The laughter was redoubled. In his embarrassment and mortification he clapped his hand, as he was in the habit of doing, to his finger to turn the beautiful gold seal-ring which he wore upon it—but that also was gone.

In short, he found that he was completely plundered of everything that was not firmly attached to his dress—ring, snuff-box, handkerchief, gloves, toothpick, keys. The performer of this sleight of hand was then brought forward. The grand-duke ordered him to restore the stolen articles, and was not a little surprised to see him produce two watches, and hand one to himself, and the other to the ambassador; two rings, one of which he gave in like manner to the grand-duke, and one to the ambassador; and two snuff-boxes, one for the grand-duke, and the other for the ambassador. The prince now felt in amazement in his pockets, as the ambassador had done before, and found that he had been plundered in the very same manner as the latter. He asserted his excellency that he was totally unconscious of the matter, and was going to chide the rogue soundly, but bethought himself, and thanked him for having enabled him in so signal a manner to win his wager. He made him a handsome present, and procured his immediate liberation, admonishing him for the future to apply his talents to more useful purposes.—*Kohl's Russia and the Russians.*

AMUSING CHARACTERISTIC.

I HAVE often spoken of the formalities of German offices. In the mere matter of sending a parcel, which any coach-office in England would forward without delay, if only wrapped in a bit of brown paper, and tied with a string, what difficulties meet you in Germany! A parcel must be wrapped in a certain way. It must have so many seals upon it. Its contents and value must be written outside. If of one weight, must go by one conveyance; if of another, by a second; if of another, by a third. It must, under certain circumstances, be wrapped in an oil-cloth. Failing any one of these formalities, it cannot go. It is returned, or sent from one office to another, till more time is consumed than is necessary to take it to its destination. A title-deed was sent from England for my signature, which was urgently wanted back by return of post. Though signed and sent to the packet-post the same day, under the directions of our German banker, yet so many obstacles arose, that, after several days' delay, we sent it by the omnibus proprietor to the Steam Com-

panty at the Rhine. Two months afterwards, the sender in England wrote, in great distress, to know why the deed was not returned; and on inquiry at the omnibus proprietor's, we found it still lying in his house! The Rhine Company had not dared to take it, because it belonged to the Packet-post department; and the poor man could not tell to whom to return it. He had even advertised it in the little Heidelberg newspaper, which we never see; but though there were only about six English families in the place, and he knew it came from one, it had never occurred to him to send round and inquire. A common hostler, or boots, in England, would have done it in ten minutes. In four months the parcel reached England!!—*Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life of Germany.*

The Gatherer.

A Young Citizen.—When I mounted to my seat again, I observed a new parcel lying on the coach roof, which I took to be a rather large saddle in a brown bag. In the course of a few miles, however, I discovered that it had a glazed cap at one end and a pair of muddy shoes at the other; and further observation demonstrated it to be a small boy in a stuff-coloured coat, with his arms quite pinioned to his sides by deep forcing into his pockets. He was, I presume, a relative or friend of the coachman's, as he lay a-top of the luggage, with his face towards the rain; and except when a change of position brought his shoes in contact with my hat, he appeared to be asleep. At last, on some occasion of our stopping, this thing slowly unpeered itself to the height of three feet six, and fixing its eyes on me, observed, in piping accents, with a complacent yawn, half quenched in an obliging air of friendly patronage, "Well, now, stranger, I guess you find this s'most like an English afternoon, hey?"—*Dickens's American Notes.*

How to get a Feather Bed.—"In carrying off even the small thing of a feather bed, Jack Tate, the bowld burglar, shewed the skill of a high practitioner, for he descended the stairs backwards." "Backwards!" said Larry Hogan, "what's that for?" "You'll see by and bye," said Groggins; "he descended backwards, when, suddenly, he heard a door opening, and a fayne voice exclaiming, 'Where

are you going with that bed?" "I'm going up stairs with it, ma'am," said Jack, whose backward position favoured his lie; and he began to walk up again. "Come down," said the lady, "we want no beds here, man." "Mr. Sullivan, ma'am, sent me home with it himself," said Jack, still mounting the stairs. "Come down, I tell you," said the lady, in a great rage, "there's no Mr. Sullivan lives here." "I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Jack, turning round, and marching off with the bed, fair and aisy. "Well, there was a regular shilloo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart ropes would'n't howld the lady for the rage she was in at being diddled."—*Lover's Handy Andy.*

Education of a German Lady.—The education of a German lady is, to us, a very singular one. It is composed of the two extremes of household usefulness and social ornament. Accomplishments are carefully taught. All that tends to give the ladies *eclat* in the ball-room and in large companies, they are more regularly drilled into even than ours. Music and dancing are indispensable. The French language has long been universal, and English is now becoming so. Their greater intercourse with foreigners keeps in use their French. Music is so much a national enjoyment, that not only young women, but almost all young men, play on the piano, and sing. This is not only a great relief to the monotony of private life, and an elegant and refining enjoyment for the evening circle—especially to weary men, harassed or exhausted by the daily tug of their affairs—but is conducive to the pleasure of those agreeable little parties which abound so much among the Germans, where singing, a dance, and simple games pass away rapidly the hours.—*Howitt's Germany.*

Garrick.—A clergyman once asked Mr. Garrick why a church congregation were seldom moved to tears, when the same people, placed in a theatre, would be worked up to grief by fictitious distress? "The truth," replied Roscius, "is obvious—we repeat a *fiction* as though it were a *truth*, you a *truth* as though it were a *fiction*."—*Dramatic and Musical Review.*

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